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THE ROYAL OAKE, OR, AN HISTORICAL DESCRIPTION OF

The Royall Progresse, Wonderful Travels,
The Royall Progresse, Wonderful Travels,
Miraculous Escapes, and Strange Acci-

dents of his Sacred Majesty CHARLES the II.

Third Monarch of Great Britain. Wherein is
observable, and worth publick view.

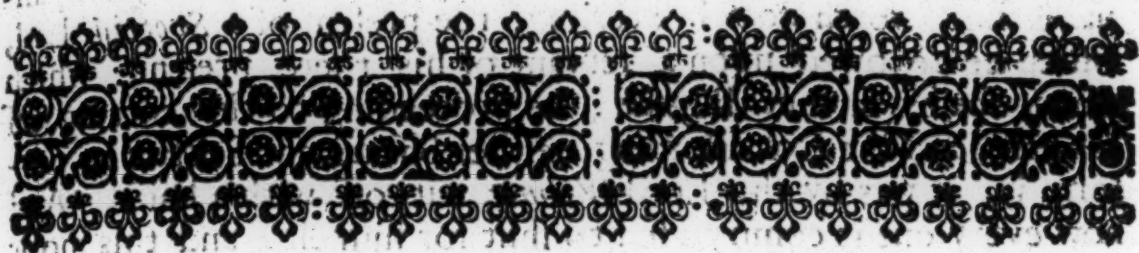
- I. His Majesties strange and wonderfull escape from Worcester fight, the disrobing of himself of his Princely Ornaments, the casting away his Chain of Gold, and the cutting of his precious Hair and curled Locks, by the Lord Wilmot for a Disguise.
- II. The pursuing of his Royal person by Oliver Cromwel and his Blood-hounds; and the manner how his Majesty escaped, making a hollow Oake his Royal Pallace, within four mile of Wolverhampton.
- III. The memorable Travels of Mrs. Jane Lane, and his Majesty, his riding before her to make an escape, and his going in a Livery Cloak by the name of William, servant to Mr. Lattel her Father in Law.
- IV. The Discourse betwixt his Majesty and the Cook-Maid at the three Crowns in Bristol; Her several Questions, where he was born, and what Trade he was, with the Kings Answer, and the remarkable passages, that happened in the Kitchen, upon the Maids imploying the King to winde up the Jack.

By John Danverd a Loyal Subject and Servant to His Majesty.

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The Royall Oake, &c.

After the great and fatal fight at *Worcester*, between his Majesties forces and the *Cromwellion* Rebels, the field being lost, not for want of courage, by the Kings party, but by those numerous supplies, who served only like the *Turkish Asapi*, to blunt the Royal Swords, so that their wearied Arms no longer able to hold out, were forced to retreat, and at length (notwithstanding the generous example of his Majesty, who performed things worth wonder) to a disorderly fight: yet 'tis worthy of observation, that upon *Cromwells* advance near the City, his Majesty in person, and in the head of the Horse, drew out against him, and that with so much valour and courage, that *Cromwells* own life-guard, and the best of his old Souldiers, (who were thought almost invincible) were forced to retire, till seconded by *Fleetwood*, *Disbrow*, *Lambert*, and others, who overpowered the Kings Forces, being above five to one, and so loath was his Majesty to decline the field, that upon his earnest endeavours to have his Horse and Foot rally, twice had he his Horse shot under him, and at length was forced to shift for himself, and to provide for his own safety: and so with some Nobles and Servants, not without a great deal of difficulty, forced to quit the field, and by the most frequented Roads that they could possibly find out, rid to the Farmhouse of a Noble Gentleman on the Borders of *Staffordshire*, where they no sooner arrived

rived, but his Majesty disrobed himself of his Princely Ornaments and accouterments, and particularly of a Chain of Gold, or Span-
 nar-string, worth 300. l. Sterling, the present of a *Scottish* Lad,
 which he bestowed upon a servant of his there present: ~~when~~
 done, for his farther disguise, he proceeding to the cutting of
 his hair, and the Cot affording neither Shears nor Scissors to per-
 form it, it was by the Lord *Wilmot* cut off with a knife. And
 now every one is commanded to shift for himself, and this poor
 Prince left alone to the sole protection of the Almighty, he
 choosing none but one friend to accompany him, with whom he
 wandered into a Wood, within four miles of (say some) of *Wool-*
verhampton, where finding a hollow Oke, he was now content to
 make it his Pallace, for here he for some dayes concealed himself,
 his Friend still towards night going out to provide him some re-
 freshment during this his solitary confinement. In the meantime
 the Lord *Wilmot* who was commanded with the rest to seek his
 fortune, was by chance pursued by some Souldiers, but meeting
 with a Countrey fellow formerly a Souldier in the Old Kings
 Army, he was by him secured, though somewhat strangely, for he
 carries him into a Malt-house belonging to Mrs. *Jane Lane*, and
 having no other convenient place to hide him in, clapt him
 under the Kilne, though there were then some fire in it, and the
 Malt smoaking on the top. In the meantime, the Souldiers then
 in pursuit of him, entred the house, and having made about three
 quarters of an hours search every where else, but not at all
 suspecting the Kilne, where they saw the fire burning, they de-
 parted, and the Lord *Wilmot* was taken out of the Kilne almost
 ready to faint with the extremity of the heat. The Countrey-
 fellow having thus secured this Lord, acquaints Mrs *Lane* with
 what he had done, and she extreamly glad of it, gets him to her
 house, where in Conference, she enquires of the Kings safety. The
 Lord *Wilmot* gives her the former relation of his great miseries
 and distresse, which forces Tears from the tender-hearted Gentle-
 woman, she earnestly intreats him to take some course for the
 finding out of his Majesty, and conducting him to her house, she
 being resolved to venture her life, had she ten thousand, for the
 saving

saving of his Royal Majesty. The Lord *Wilmot* glad of so happy an opportunity to serve his Majesty, and so great a probability of securing him, the next night finds him out, and conducts him from the Royal Oak to the house of Mrs. *Jane Lane*, where after a large condoling of his hard fortune, consultation was had for a convenience for his escape beyond sea, and at length it was concluded, that *Bristol* would be the most convenient place to take shipping, That his Majesty should ride before Mrs. *Lane* by the name of *William*, servant to Mr. *Lastel* her father in Law, who was likewise to go with them: and thus it was immediately given out, that Mr. *Lastel* and Mrs. *Lane* were to take a Journey in the West, to visit some friends, and shortly after, they set forward. In this Journey there hapned many Accidents worthy commemoration: And first, the Kings Majesty riding now as a servant to one of the faithfullest of his Subjects, in a Livery Cloak, though not without that respect that durst be given to him; complains to Mrs. *Lane* that the cloak wearied him, whereupon she desires Mr. *Lastles* to carry it; and long they had not rid so, but they meet upon the Road her Brother in Law, who amongst other questions demanded of her, if her Father must carry her mans cloak; to which she readily answered, that it was so big, that it often endangered the throwing her off the horse, and that she had therefore desired him to carry it. The next and most important Accident of all was, that coming into a Town which they were to passe through, there was a Troop of Horse there to be quartered drawn up, which caused some fear, but at length with a resolution they passed on, and the Capt. taking them for honest Travellers, made his Troop open to the right and left, and so permitted them to passe. Another accident there happened, which one may say was comical in this Tragedy, Mrs. *Lane* coming into the Inne, leaves his Majesty under the name of *William* her servant in the Kitchin, with whom the Maid enters into discourse, she asks him where he was born, and what Trade he was, he answers at *Brumingham*, and a Naylor's son, and after a great deal of other discourse, the Jack being down, the maid desires him to wind it up, which he willingly undertakes, but goes the wrong way about it, and somewhat prejudices it; at which the

maid

maid grew angry, asking him where he was bred, and telling him he was the veryest clownish booby that ever she saw in all her life; which railing of hers made his Majesty, notwithstanding his present misery, go out of the Room smiling.

Mrs. Lane notwithstanding his Majestie went as her servant, yet had a greater respect for him before others, pretended him her Tenant's son; but on the Road she would alwayes ask what he would have to dinner or supper; and what piece of that he liked, which she would alwayes be sure to get made ready, and give him, he still sitting at the lower end of the Table.

But to come to the end of their Journey, being arrived at Bristol they lodged at the house of a Noble Gentleman there, and kins-man to Mr. Lastles: The King finding it to be a house of great resort, feigns himself sick of an Ague, and so keeps his Chamber all the day, coming down only at nights; but one night coming down, and being somewhat cold, craves a glasse of Wine of the Butler, who carries him into the Butlery; this Butler having before served his Majesties Father in the Wars, looking earnestly upon him, suspected him to be the King, so easily will Majesty appear though vail'd in the utmost disguises, and thereupon, pulling off his hat, told him very ceremoniously, That he might command what Wine he pleased; of which the King took no notice, but drinking off his Wine went out; yet the Butler could not satisfie his suspicion, but went up to Mr. Lastles, and demanded of him how long he had had that servant, whereupon Mr. Lastles was very angry at his boldnesse, in daring to ask him such a question; but the Butler still persisted, and whispering told him, that he believed it was the King, whereupon Mr. Lastles seeing he was discovered, sends immediatly for his Majesty, whom he acquaints with the Butler's discovery of him; with whom the King was somewhat angry, in regard he did not first acquaint himself with his suspicion, it not being impossible, but that Mr. Lastles might not have known him to be the King; but upon pardon asked by the Butler, it was granted by the King, and he afterwards proved very instrumentall in his Majesties conveyance through the Countrey.

But

But here at *Bristol* the chief design they had in hand failed them ; for though there were a little *Barge* lay there, judged most convenient for the businesse, yet the *Master* would for no reward transport a single person, though he was so honest as only to deny it, and made no further search or inquiry concerning the person, which might perhaps have tended to a discovery.

This design here failing, his Majesty desired to be brought some miles Westward to the house of a worthy Gentleman whom he knew to be a trusty friend, where coming, he finds the Gentleman in the field with his servants, having discovered himself to him, he was by him conveyed to a convenient stand till night, having first taken leave of his true friends, who had thus far conducted him with the danger of their lives and Estates, from whence he was in the dusk conveyed into the house, and there carefully concealed for a week, till such time as preparation could be made in some Western Port of a passage for him, and coming afterwards there where it was provided, chancing to dine with a Parliament-Colonel then there, he thought it the safer to loose the benefit of that passage, then adventure to imbarque himself singly, which might breed suspicion, and perhaps have been the means after so many deliverances to have betrayed him into the hands of his enemies.

This passage then likewise failing him, he returned back to the place from whence he came, and concealed himself three weeks longer ; till in the end it being resolved on, he by the assistance of Mr. Th. was conveyed through the most by-ways they could imagine to a Gentle womans house in *Suffex*, where he lay some few dayes, till a person of true worth and honour made provision of a faithfull *Master*, who with a small Vessel waisted him to a small Creek in *Normandy*, to the great content of the Kings sacred Majesty, and all his loyal Subjects, and to the honour of the *Master* with due reward, as in time may appear.

Perhaps the Reader may think it tedious that I have given so large a relation of his Majesties escape from that fight at *Worcester*, but it was a work so full of wonder and providence, and so many

many false relations there are abroad, that I could do no less
then recount all those miseries and hardships which this poor
Prince endured for the sakes of us his Subjects, and more would
he willingly have endured, even death it self, to the redeeming
of us from the tyranny and oppression which we then groaned
under.

But let him that shall look upon the several passages of his life, read them over and over, consider the several difficulties he passed, the many dangers he was in, to be betrayed, the Countrey being up round about, the sum of money set upon his head, for which many hundreds out of covetousnesse made it their businesse to search for him, and they will confesse ingenuously, that God was never so mercifull to any people as to us, in delivering his Sacred Majesty so wonderfully out of the hands of his Enemies, who breathed out nothing but his death and destruction, That we may yet have hope to be a happy Nation.

